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roses, of which the Virgin-wreath is composed, possess, in protecting the heroine from the effects of the fatal bullet fired by her lover in the last scene.

R.

## DER FREISCHUTZ.

ACT 1ST.—SCENE 1ST.

[A woody country, with a hermitage; near which is an altar of moss; behind this a crucifix, completely surrounded by white roses in full blossom.]

Hermit (kneeling before the altar)  
All Merciful! in good abounding,  
Whose praise in heaven and earth is sounding,  
Hear thy suppliant impart  
The homage of a grateful heart.

[Folds his hands, and supports his face upon the altar, in the attitude of prayer: a pause, during which music. The Hermit then raises his head hastily, with a convulsive action, as if much alarmed.]

Hermit—O vision, dreadful to the eye;—  
Avert it! Mighty Lord on high!  
I saw—(why does my weak frame shudder?)—  
I saw the Fiend of Darkness mutter.  
With joyful and malicious eye,  
He stretched—(I feel my heart's blood freeze)—  
He stretched his giant arm to seize  
A pure, and yet unspotted lamb;  
'Twas Agatha,—his eager palm  
Seem'd, too, with anxious greed to watch  
Her lover, and his soul to snatch.  
Already his dark visage seem'd  
With hot and damning joy inflamed.

[With fervent devotion.]

Lord! accept an old man's prayer,  
Avert, avert, this deed of fear;  
Protect them, Father, in that hour,  
From the Arch-fiend's craft and power.

[He rises, and advances.]

What could it be?—I feel as if I had been buried,  
And were now again restored to light. My life is solitary,  
and my couch is hard; the blood creeps coldly in the old man's veins; then visions come from God. Oh all ye saints! for three days I have not seen Agatha, and already does the shadow of the cloister-bell appear on yonder bushes, and announce the approach of evening. But yonder—if my eyes deceive me not—Yes, 'tis she.

[Enter Agatha with a jug of milk; Anna follows her with a small basket, which she delivers to Agatha as she enters.]

Agatha (to Anna)—Thanks, Anna.

[Exit Anna.]

Hermit—Blessings on my daughter; thou hast tarried long.

Agatha—But you are well, I hope, my reverend father? I should have come yesterday, or the day before, but this fruit, which I had reserved for you, would not ripen sooner. There father, and take this bread, and this little pitcher of milk—other refreshments, you know, you will not allow me to bring you.

Hermit—The fruits are choice ones; thou dost provide for me like a daughter.

Agatha—And indeed I do love you, after my own father, more than any one.

Hermit—Were that true, what would thy Max say? Agatha—Nay, but that different; I spoke of filial affection only; you jest with me, you are unusually cheerful to-day.

Hermit (aside)—How is she mistaken. But thy Max is well, I trust?

Agatha—Quite so; except that he is apprehensive for the success of the trial-shot which he is to perform to-morrow.

Hermit—I have heard of it; hast thou no melancholy forebodings?

Agatha—At times, perhaps, when Max looks at me so sorrowfully.

Hermit—It grieves my heart to chase away thy cheerfulness, even for a moment; yet I am unable to conceal—

Agatha—Oh speak, reverend father; whatever comes from you, can serve only for my good.

Hermit—I cannot tell thee the precise danger which threatens thee and thy betrothed; but I have beheld a vision, which has made me unusually concerned.

Agatha (alarmed)—What have you seen?

Hermit—Visions usually indicate the future but in an uncertain twilight; and mine was of this nature.

Agatha—Then let my own and Max's happiness be doubly recommended to your pious intercession; say, will you not grant this request?

Hermit—I am but a poor, weak mortal; but of my prayers you may rest assured.

Agatha—Then, I am full of hope.

Hermit—Faithfully preserve the purity of thine own heart, so will the Almighty preserve thee.

Agatha—Farewell, then, reverend father, and forget me not in your affection.

Hermit—God be with thee, my daughter.

[Agatha is going, he calls her back.]

Agatha!

Agatha (returning)—Have you anything farther to say to me?

Hermit—A secret voice commands me not to dismiss thee, to-day, without a charm to shelter thee from evil. This rose-bush, the first slip of which a pilgrim brought with him from Palestine, and gave my predecessor, has grown up wondrously beautiful. Its blossoms richly each succeeding year; I collect and press its leaves, and the country people ascribe many healing and salutary virtues to the rose-water which is distilled from them. Take, therefore, some of these roses as your marriage present from my fatherly affection.

[The Hermit breaks off some roses, and joins them into a bouquet, which he delivers to Agatha at the conclusion of the following Duett.]

Hermit—Accept the gift which friendship proffers,  
Chaste and fair like thee.

Agatha—Far more than all that fortune offers,  
Shall it be dear to me.

Hermit—And should the blossom fade,  
Then think my lovely maid,

That all on earth must perish.

Agatha—The leaves I'll watch with care,  
Thro' many a distant year,  
Remembrance still to cherish.

Hermit—Nor yet remember less,  
The roses' leaves to press,

Wherein the virtue lies.

Agatha—So suffering doth prepare  
The human heart to share  
More pure and lasting joys.

Hermit—Accept the gift which friendship proffers,  
Chaste and fair like thee.

Agatha—Far more than all that fortune offers,  
Shall it be dear to me.

[Exeunt; the Hermit to his cell, and Agatha through the trees.]

## MAX.

From the German of Hagedorn.

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

Resounding wide through wood and vale,  
With melting note, the nightingale.  
The balmy summer welcomes sweetly in:  
Now joyous sings the soaring lark—  
Now croaks again the travelling stork,  
The startling chatters loud with wild and noisy din.

How cheerful flocks and shepherds seem—  
How brightly fields and flowers gleam;  
How happy look earth, air, and teeming ground:  
The doves redoubled cooings make,  
The cool stream seeks the snow-white drake,  
The merry sparrow gaily hops around.

How wisely zephyr chose you flower,  
To woo, and with with plucking power,  
As chance and change with him take place of love:  
On sheaf and sprig he flutters free;  
Whilst richly robed, in state sits she;  
And jealous fears her gentle breast ne'er move.

How blandly blows the west wind sighs,  
And in life-giving gust soft flings  
O'er mountain shadow, stream, and sounding shore.  
Love wakes instinctive in each heart,  
And lights his flame in every part,  
Where haply ne'er his flames were felt before.

Now range the villagers in rows,  
"Each quickly with his partner choose!"  
Forth! dancers forth! across flowery fields;"  
And now, each rustic springs beside,  
His sweetheart; round the meadows wide,  
In sportive circles, each his fair one wields.

Not bolder, braver, erst did twine  
Each Roman round his brown Sabine;  
Nor freer, manlier, bore his bride away.  
Oh! happy in that land who dwells,  
Where sports like these each spirit swells;  
For what can equal lusty peasant's play?  
Cork, May, 1830.

## THE BOY BY THE BROOK.

(From the German of Schiller.)

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

Wreathing garlands, o'er a fountain  
Sighing, sate a pensive boy,  
As he waded them patient, downwards,  
With the dancing waves deploy,\*  
"Even like those restless waters,  
Pass my happiest hours away;  
Even as those fleeting flowers,  
Fast my youth and hopes decay."

"Ask me not why thus I grieve me,  
In life's refulgent sunny prime;  
All is gladness love and joyous  
When appears the sweet spring time;  
But the thousand happy heralds,  
That then wake the world to life,  
Wake but in this wearied bosom  
Sorrow sore, and ceaseless strife."

\* Deploy is a bad word, introduced to make out the rhyme, but I could not find a better.

"What to me boot all the pleasures,  
With which bounteous nature teems?  
One alone I see! though distant,  
Near to me she ever seems:  
Forth I stretch mine anxious arms,  
To that lovely phantom fair,  
But in vain they cannot reach her,  
And I sink in dark despair."

"Come thou down, thou loveliest loved one,  
Leave, oh! leave thy lordly halls,  
Every blossom that Spring beareth,  
Shall be strewed where thy foot falls:  
Hark! the groves with song resounding,  
See the streamlet sparkling swell,  
Oh! in humble hut, how happy  
May two linked hearts, loving, dwell."  
Cork, May, 1830.

## THE TRIGONOMETRICAL SURVEY OF IRELAND.

THE British government has long been desirous to possess an accurate field-survey of the united kingdom, on a scale of sufficient magnitude, to exhibit clearly the divisions of private property, and to describe the quality and other minute details of the principal divisions of large estates. For this purpose, the survey of England was commenced many years ago, under the superintendence of a corps of experienced military and civil engineers.

The leading points for the completion of the map of Great Britain having been finished, in 1824 it was thought advisable to extend the survey to Ireland; and the care of the undertaking was intrusted to Col. Colby.

The experience acquired during the survey in England, naturally led to the adoption of means conducive to greater accuracy in a subsequent survey; and some considerable improvements suggested themselves, particularly in measuring a base line—an operation which we shall presently explain.

A considerable number of the English maps have been already published on the scale of one inch to a mile, under the title of the "Ordnance Survey;" and though the scientific skill and practical address with which the great operations of that survey have been conducted, afford a specimen scarcely equalled by any similar undertaking, yet the topographical details have been very generally criticised as insufficient, and by no means commensurate with the excellence of the rest of the work.

It was determined, therefore, to construct the map of Ireland on the scale of six inches to a mile, and great part of the northern district, (as well as smaller portions in the other three provinces,) is already completed and engraved.

The English survey is little more than a splendid map, which gives the roads, the houses, the hills, and the County boundaries: the Irish is truly a territorial survey, giving the acreable contents of each townland, and these divisions are commonly so small, that it resembles in minuteness and accuracy of detail, a survey of a private estate, with the boundaries and quality of almost every field, and the geological properties of each district, distinctly marked.

The principal operations connected with the delineation of a large tract of country, such as a kingdom, are, first, to ascertain certain principal points at great distances from each other, and so disposed, as to their number and position, that if lines be drawn from one to the other, the whole country will be divided into a series of triangles.

This is performed by choosing elevated stations, from which other conspicuous points can be seen, and then measuring the angles under which they appear, with the most accu-